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ADAPTED FOR USE IN

Revival Meetings, Camp Meetings,

and the Social Services of the Church.

✓ BY ✓

REV. E. S. LORENZ and REV. I. BALTZELL.

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Titles in small capitals. First lines in Roman.

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# Songs of Refreshing.

## 1 SITTING AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

"Found the man . . . sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right  
PRISCILLA J. OWENS. mind."—LUKE 8: 35. E. S. LORENZ.

1. O the peace that fills my soul, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus;  
2. Christ is mine in storm and calm, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus;  
3. Here I rest from toil and strife, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus;  
4. Come ye guilty and be healed, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus;

Cleansed from sin, made free and whole, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus.  
All my wounds are filled with balm, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus.  
Safe be-neath the Tree of Life, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus.  
Free - ly is God's love re - vealed, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus.

**CHORUS.**  
This is my a - bid - ing place, Clothed with his a - bounding grace,

Looking up-ward to his face, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus.

Rev. W. H. BURRELL.

"By grace ye are saved."—EPH. 2 : 5.

Rev. I. BALTZELL.

1. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonder - ful grace! This great sal - va - tion brings;  
2. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonder - ful grace! Which saves the soul from sin;

The soul, de - liv - ered of its load In sweet - est rap - ture sings.  
The power of ris - ing e - vil skays, And reigns supreme with - in.

*Chorus.*

'Tis grace!..... 'Tis grace!.... Won - der - ful, won - der - ful  
'Tis won - der - ful grace! 'Tis wonder - ful grace!

grace!..... 'Tis grace!..... 'Tis grace!.....  
won - der - ful grace! 'Tis won - der - ful grace! 'Tis won - der - ful grace!

Flowing still freely for me.

3.

'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonderful grace!  
Its streams are full and free;  
Are flowing now for all the race;  
They even flow to me.

## I HEAR THY WELCOME VOICE.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

From "Hallowed Songs."

1. I hear Thy wel-come voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee For  
 2. Tho' com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as - sure; Thou  
 3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To  
 4. 'Tis Je - sus who con-firms The bless - ed work with - in, By

cleansing in Thy pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.  
 dost my vile - ness ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure.  
 per - fect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heaven a - bove.  
 add - ing grace to welcomed grace, Where reigned the power of sin.

## Chorus.

I am com - ing Lord! Com - ing now to Thee!

Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

5 And He the witness gives  
 To loyal hearts and free,  
 That every promise is fulfilled,  
 If faith but brings the plea,

6 All hail, atoning blood!  
 All hail, redeeming grace!  
 All hail, the Gift of Christ, our Lord,  
 Our Strength and Righteousness!

## NO ROOM IN HEAVEN.

W. O. CUSHING.

"The door was shut."—MATT. 25: 10.

I. BALTZELL.

1. How sad it would be, if when thou didst call, All hopeless and un-for-  
 2. How sad it would be, the harvest all past, The bright summer days all  
 3. Oh, haste thee, and fly, while mercy is near, Remember the love that he

giv - en, The an - gel that stands at the beau-ti - ful gate, Should  
 o - ver; To know that the reap - ers had gathered the grain, And  
 gave you; The love that has sought thee is seek - ing thee still, And

## REFRAIN.

answer, No room in heaven.  
 left thee alone for - ev - er. Sad, sad, sad would it be! No room in  
 Je - sus now waits to save you.

heav - en for thee! No room, no room, No room in heav - en for

## Slow and soft.

thee! No room, no room, No room in heav - en for thee!

## WHEN THE DOOR IS SHUT.

"I am the door: by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved."—JOHN 10: 9.

M. E. SERVOS.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. The door of sal-va-tion is o-pen wide, And Je-sus invites  
 2. The feast of the gos-pel a-waits its guests, The day and the hour  
 3. Dear friends, if you ev-er should stand without, And plead for admit-

you to come; While mer-cy and par-don a-wait with-in, Oh,  
 are at hand; Ye hun-gry and per-ish-ing souls, draw near: Oh,  
 tance in vain; You'd think of the Saviour's en-treat-ing voice, And

**REFRAIN. Slow and soft.**

en-ter while yet there is room.  
 why do you doubt-ing-ly stand? When the door once is shut To en-  
 long for this mo-ment a-gain.

treat will be vain: 'Twill nev-er, no, nev-er, be o-pened a-gain.

## DO YOU WONDER THAT I LOVE HIM?

"We love him, because he first loved us."—1 JOHN iv : 19.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.

D.C. 1. Do you won-der that I love Him? That He is so dear to me?  
 D.C. 2. Do you won-der at the pleas-ure That in Je-sus' name I find?  
 D.C. 3. Do you won-der that I la-bor 'Mid the hedg-es on the way?  
 D.C. 4. Do you won-der that I'm yearn-ing In my heavenly home to be?

Fine.

That I hold no friend a-bove Him? That I strive His child to be?  
 That I count it dear-er treas-ure Than the joys of earth combined?  
 That I seek my friend and neighbor Who has gone in sin a-stray?  
 That my heart is ev-er turn-ing To that cit-y o'er the sea?

He's the dear-est friend to me, That my soul shall ev-er see;  
 'Tis the dear-est name to me That in earth or heaven can be;  
 'Tis the dear-est work to me That in earth or heaven can be;  
 'Tis a home pre-pared for me Where from sin I shall be free;

D. C.

For He died, I know, to save from woe A wick-ed wretch like me.  
 When I take my care to God in prayer, That name is am-ple plea.  
 When from sin they cease, accept God's peace, 'Tis joy e-nough for me.  
 I shall see His face and prize the grace; In His likeness I shall be.



## THE CHILD OF A KING.

"Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King."—Ps. 140: 2.  
 HATTIE E. BUELL. Arr. JNO. B. SUMNER. Arr.

1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold - eth the wealth  
 2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - ior so fair, Once wandered on earth  
 3. I once was an out - cast stranger on earth, A sin - ner by choice,  
 4. A tent or a cot - tage, why should I care? They're building a pal -

of the world in his hands! Of ru - bies and dia - monds, of  
 hu - man sor - row to share: Bu' now he is reign - ing for -  
 and an "a - lien" by birth! Bu' I've been "a - dopt - ed," my  
 ace for me o - ver there! Though ex - iled from home, yet my

sil - ver and gold, His cof - fers are full, he has rich - es un - told.  
 ev - er on high, He'll give us a home in the sweet by and by.  
 name's written down: An heir to a man - sion, a robe and a crown.  
 glad heart can sing: All glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.

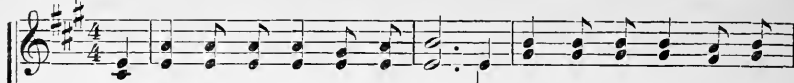
**CHORUS.**

I'm the child of a King, The child of a King, With

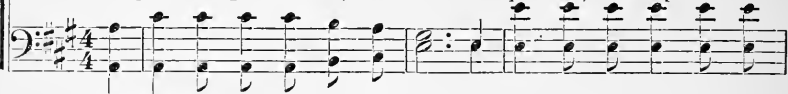
Je - sus, my Sav - ior, I'm the child of a King.

## O PRODIGAL, DON'T STAY AWAY.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. "I will arise and go unto my Father."—LUKE 15: 18. J. W. BISCHOFF.



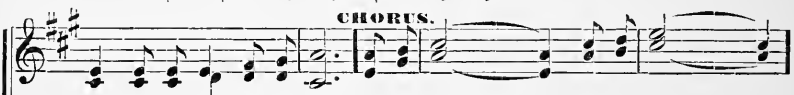
1. O prod-i-gal, don't stay a-way! The Fa-ther is wait-ing to-
2. O prod-i-gal brother, come home! Why long-er in wretch-ed-ness
3. O prod-i-gal, what will you do? Love's ta-ble is wait-ing for
4. O prod-i-gal brother, a-rise! For par-don, look up to the



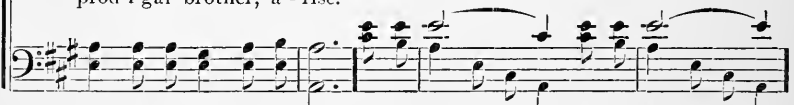
day; There's room and to spare, There is rai-ment to wear, O  
 room? You're lone-ly and lost, You are driv-en and toss'd, O  
 you; For-give-ness so sweet, Sure, your com-ing will greet, O  
 skies; No long-er then stray From thy Fa-ther a-way, O



## CHORUS.



prod-i-gal, don't stay away.  
 prod-i-gal brother, come home. Will you come? . . . Will you come? . . .  
 prod-i-gal, what will you do?  
 prod-i-gal brother, a-rise.



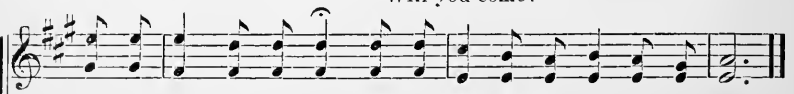
Will you come? Will you come?



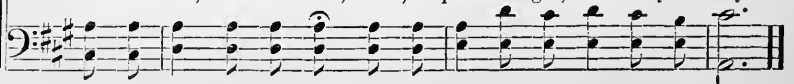
Will you come, come home to-day? There is welcome for you,



Will you come?



There's a kiss, kind and true, Then, O prod-i-gal, don't stay a-way.



## WHEN THE KING COMES IN.

J. E. LANDOR.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Called to the feast by the King are we, Sit - ting, perhaps, where his  
 2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Glo - ri - fied he who once  
 3. Like lightning's flash will that instant show Things hidden long from both  
 4. Joy - ful his eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wedding

peo - ple be, How will it fare, friend, with thee and me  
 died for men, Splen - did the vis - ion be - fore us then,  
 friend and foe, Just what we are will each neigh - bor know,  
 gar - ments dressed, Ah well for us if we stand the test,

## REFRAIN.

When the King comes in?  
 When the King comes in. When the King comes in, brother, When the King comes  
 When the King comes in.  
 When the King comes in.

in! How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in?

5 Endless the separation then,  
 Bitter the cry of deluded men,  
 Awful that moment beyond all ken,  
 When the King comes in.

6 Lord, grant us all, we implore thee,  
 grace,  
 So to await thee each in his place,  
 That we may fear not to see thy face  
 When thou comest in.

"God is a refuge for us."—PSALMS, 62: 8

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

J. W. BISCHOFF.

*Tenderly.*

1. In the dark - est hour That my heart may know,  
 2. Here there is no ref - uge For the soul op - pressed;  
 3. Poor and weak and wretched, Full of fears and woe,  
 4. Bound in cords of an - guish, By my sins dis - mayed;  
 5. Joy in trib - u - la - tion! Hope that sets me free!

Out of Sa - tan's pow - er, Whith - er shall I go?  
 Whith - er shall I journey? Whith - er seek for rest?  
 To be free from torment, Whith - er can I go?  
 Whith - er, then, ah, whith - er, Can I look for aid?  
 Je - sus, my sal - va - tion, Lo! I turn to Thee.

*Chorus. Cheerfully.*

To Je - sus! To Je - sus! On - ly un - to Je - sus, The

*p* Sav - iour so com - pas - sion - ate, The sin - ner's on - ly Friend, The

*p* Sav - iour so com - pas - sion - ate, The sin - ner's on - ly Friend.

*By permission.*

## GLORY TO HIS NAME.

"I will glorify thy name for evermore."—PS. 63: 4.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

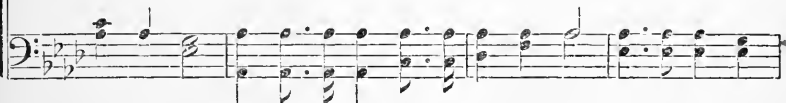
REV. J. H. STOCKTON.



1. Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a
3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad, I have
4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet, Cast thy poor soul at the



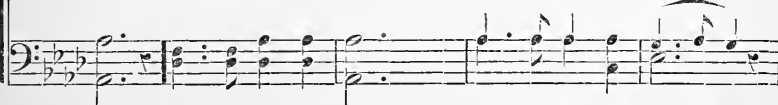
sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to his  
 bides within: There at the cross where he took me in; Glo - ry to his  
 entered in; There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean, Glo - ry to his  
 Savior's feet; Plunge in to-day and be made complete; Glo - ry to his



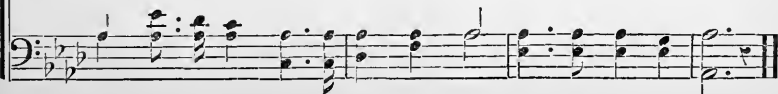
## CHORUS.



name. Glo - ry to his name, Glo - ry to his name;



There to my heart was the blood ap-plied, Glo - ry to his name,



E. D. MUND. "The love of Christ which passeth knowledge."—EPH. III. 19.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. In vain in high and ho - ly lays My soul her grate - ful  
 2. A joy by day, a peace by night, In storms a calm, in  
 3. My hope for par - don when I call, My trust for lift - ing

voice would raise; For who can sing the wor - thy praise Of the  
 dark - ness light; In pain a balm, in weak - ness might, Is the  
 when I fall; In life, in death, my all in all, Is the

**CHORUS.**

on - der - ful love of Je - sus? Won - der - ful love!

won - der - ful love! Won - der - ful love of Je - sus!

Won - der - ful love, won - der - ful love! Won - der - ful love of Je - sus!

1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, he's ev - 'ry-thing to me, He's the  
 2. He all my griefs has tak-en, and all my sorrows borne; In temp-  
 3. He will nev-er, nev-er leave me, nor yet for-sake me here, While I

fair-est of ten thousand to my soul; The Lil-y of the Valley, in  
 ta - tion he's my strong and mighty tow'r; I have all for him forsaken, and  
 live by faith and do his bless-ed will; A wall of fire about me, I've

*D. S. Lil-y of the Val-ley, the*

*Fine.*  
 him a - lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.  
 all my i - dols torn From my heart, and now he keeps me by his power.  
 nothing now to fear, With his man-na he my hun-gry soul shall fill.

*bright and Morning Star, He's the fair - est of ten thousand to my soul.*

In sor - row he's my com - fort, in troub - le he's my stay,  
 Tho' all the world for - sake me, and Sa - tan tempts me sore,  
 Then sweep - ing up to glo - ry to see his bless - ed face,

*D. S.*  
 He tells me ev - 'ry care on him to roll. He's the  
 Thro' Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal. He's the  
 Where riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll. He's the

## WHY NOT BE SAVED TO-NIGHT?

"To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."—HEB. iii : 15.

Anon.

I. BALTZELL.

1. Oh, do not let the word depart, And close thine eyes against the light;  
 2. To - morrow's sun may nev - er rise To bless thy long-de - lud - ed sight;  
 3. Our God in pit - y lin - gers still; And wilt thou thus his love requite?  
 4. The world has nothing left to give; It has no new, no pure de - light;

Poor sinner, harden not thy heart; Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night?  
 This is the time; oh, then be wise! Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night?  
 Renounce at length thy stubborn will; Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night?  
 Oh, try the life which Christians live; Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night?

## REFRAIN.

Why not be saved to-night, Why not be saved to-night?  
 to-night? to-night?

Rit. to the end. *p*

Why not to - night? Why not to - night?  
 Why not be saved te - night? Why not be saved to - night?



# HOW CAN I BUT LOVE HIM.

15

"We love Him because He first loved us."—1 JNO. 4: 19.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

E. S. LORENZ,

1. So ten - der, so precious, My Sav - iour to me; So true, and so  
 2. So pa - tient, so kind - ly Tow'rd all of my ways; I blun - der so  
 3. Of all friends the fair est And tru - est is He; His love is the  
 4. His beau - ty, tho' bleeding And cir - cled with thorns; Is then most ex -

## Refrain. Arr.

gracious, I've found Him to be; How can I but love Him? But  
 blind - ly, He love still re - pays;  
 rar - est, That ev - er can be.  
 ceeding: For grief Him a - dorns.

love Him, but love Him? There's no friend above Him, Poor sin - ner for thee.

16

- 1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee!  
 E'en though it be a cross  
 That raiseth me;  
 Still all my song shall be,  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee!
- 2 Though, like the wanderer,  
 The sun gone down,  
 Darkness be over me,

- My rest a stone:  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee!
- 3 There let the way appear  
 Steps unto heaven;  
 All that Thou sendest me  
 In mercy given;  
 Angels to beckon me  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee!

MRS. SARAH F. ADAMS.

I. B.

"And many women were there."—MATT. 27: 55.

I. BALTZELL.

1. O Je - sus, Sav-ior, I long to rest Near the cross where thou hast died;  
 2. My dy - ing Jesus, my Savior, God, Who hast borne my guilt and sin,  
 3. O Jesus, Savior, now make me thine, Never let me stray from thee;  
 4. The cleansing pow'r of thy blood apply, All my guilt and sin remove;

For there is hope for the aching breast, At the cross I will a - bide.  
 Now wash me, cleanse me with thine own blood, Ever keep me pure and clean.  
 Oh, wash me, cleanse me, for thou art mine, And thy love is full and free.  
 Oh, help me, while at thy cross I lie, Fill my soul with perfect love.

## CHORUS.

At the cross I'll a-bide, At the cross I'll a-  
 At the cross I'll a-bide, At the cross

bide; At the cross I'll a - bide, There his  
 I'll a - bide;

blood is ap-plied; At the cross I am sanc - ti - fied.

"A living sacrifice."—ROM. 12: 1.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crated, Lord, to thee;  
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti - ful for thee;  
 3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes-sa-ges for thee;  
 4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in end-less praise;

Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of thy love.  
 Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.  
 Take my sil - ver and my gold,— Not a mite would I with-hold.  
 Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as thou shalt choose.

**CHORUS.**

{ Wash me in the Savior's precious blood, the precious blood, }  
 { Cleanse me in its pu - ri - fy - ing flood, the healing flood, } Lord, I give to

thee my life and all, to be Thine, henceforth e - ter - nal - ly.

5 Take my will, and make it thine;  
 It shall be no longer mine;  
 Take my heart,—it is thine own,—  
 It shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love,—my Lord, I pour  
 At thy feet its treasure-store!  
 Take myself, and I will be  
 Ever, only, all for thee!

By permission.

# TRUSTING IN THE PROMISE.

19

"He is faithful that promised."—HEB. 10 : 23.

Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. I have found re - pose for my wea - ry soul, Trust - ing in the  
 2. I will sing my song as the days go by, Trust - ing in the  
 3. Oh, the peace and joy of the life I live, Trust - ing in the

prom - ise of the Sav - ior; And a har - bor safe when the  
 prom - ise of the Sav - ior; And re - joice in hope, while I  
 prom - ise of the Sav - ior; Oh, the strength and grace on - ly

bil - lows roll, Trust - ing in the prom - ise of the Sav - ior. I will  
 live or die, Trust - ing in the prom - ise of the Sav - ior. I can  
 God can give, Trust - ing in the prom - ise of the Sav - ior. Who - so -

fear no foe in the dead - ly strife, Trust - ing in the prom - ise of the  
 smile at grief, and a - bide in pain, Trust - ing in the prom - ise of the  
 ev - er will may be saved to - day, Trust - ing in the prom - ise of the

# TRUSTING IN THE PROMISE.—Concluded.

Sav-ior; I will bear my lot in the toil of life, Trust-ing in the  
Sav-ior; And the loss of all shall be high-est gain, Trust-ing in the  
Sav-ior; And be-gin to walk in the ho-ly way, Trust-ing in the

## Refrain.

prom-ise of the Sav-ior. Rest-ing on His might-y arm for -

ev-er, Nev-er from His lov-ing heart to sev-er, I will rest by

grace In His strong embrace, Trusting in the prom-ise of the Sav-ior.

## 20.

**C**HILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As we journey let us sing;  
Sing our Savior's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.

We are trav'ling home to God,  
In the way our fathers trod;  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.

Fear not, brethren, joyful stand  
On the borders of our land;  
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,  
Bids us undismayed go on.

Lord! obediently we'll go,  
Gladly leaving all below;  
Only thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow thee!

FANNY J. CROSBY. "Seeketh that which is gone astray."—MATT. 18: 12. J. NO. R. SWENEY.

1. Out on the des - ert, looking, looking, Sin - ner, 'tis Je - sus,  
 2. Still he is wait - ing, waiting, waiting, Oh, what com - pas - sion  
 3. Lov - ing - ly plead - ing, pleading, pleading, Mer - cy, tho' slight - ed,  
 4. Spir - its in glo - ry, watching, watching, Long to be - hold thee

look - ing for thee; Ten - der - ly call - ing, call - ing, call - ing,  
 beams in his eye; Hear him re - peat - ing, gen - tly, gen - tly,  
 bears with thee yet; Thou canst be hap - py, hap - py, hap - py,  
 safe in the fold; An - gels are wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing,

CHORUS.

Hith - er, thou lost one, oh, come un - to me.  
 Come to thy Sav - ior, oh, why wilt thou die? Je - sus is look - ing,  
 Come, ere thy life - star for - ev - er shall set.  
 When shall thy sto - ry with rapt - ure be told?

Je - sus is calling, Why dost thou linger? why tar - ry a - way? Run to him

quickly, say to him glad - ly, Lord, I am com - ing, com - ing to - day.

## BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM.

"And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh: go ye out to meet him."—MATT. 25: 6.

R. E. H.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Are you ready for the bridegroom When he comes, when he comes? Are you  
 2. Have your lamps trimmed and burning When he comes, when he comes; Have your  
 3. We will all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; We will  
 4. We will chant al - le - lu - ias When he comes, when he comes; We will

ready for the bridegroom When he comes, when he comes? Behold! he cometh!  
 lamps trimmed and burning When he comes, when he comes; He quickly cometh!  
 all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; He surely cometh!  
 chant al - le - lu - ias When he comes, when he comes; Lo! now he cometh!

D. S. *Be-hold! he com-eth!*

*Fine.*  
 be-hold! he com-eth! be robed and read-y, for the bridegroom comes.  
 he quick-ly com-eth! O soul, be read-y when the bridegroom comes.  
 he sure - ly com-eth! We'll go to meet him when the bridegroom comes.  
 lo! now he com-eth! Sing al - le-lu-ia! for the bridegroom comes.

*be-hold! he com-eth! Be robed and read-y, for the bridegroom comes.*

**CHORUS.**  
 Behold the bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes!  
 Behold the bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes!

By permission.

## JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

Mrs. M. M. WEINLAND.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Oh, wea-ry pil-grim, lift your head, For joy com-eth in the  
 2. Ye fee-ble saints, dismiss your fears, For joy com-eth in the  
 3. Let ev-'ry tear-ful eye look up, For joy com-eth in the  
 4. Our God will wipe our tears a-way, For joy com-eth in the

morn-ing! For God in his own word has said That  
 morn-ing! And weep-ing mourn-ers dry your tears, For  
 morn-ing! And ev-'ry tremb-ling sin-ner hope, For  
 morn-ing! Sor-row and sigh-ing flee a-way, For

**CHORUS.**

joy com-eth in the morn-ing! Joy com-eth in the morn-ing!

Joy com-eth in the morn-ing! Weeping may en-dure, may en-

dure for a night, But joy com-eth in the morn-ing.



## PARDON FOR ALL.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. xi : 28.

Words adapted.

I. BALTZELL.

1. I once was a stran-ger to grace and to God; I knew not my  
 2. Thou free grace a-woke me by light from on high; I cried, "Je-sus,  
 3. My ter-rors all vanished before that sweet name; My guilt-y fears  
 4. Dear Je - sus, dear Je - sus, my treasure and boast; Dear Je-sus, dear

dan - ger, and felt not my load; I flew to the cross when I heard Jesus  
 save me, O save, or I die!" He heard my deep pleading, he answered my  
 banished, with boldness I came To him who had saved from the curse of the  
 Je - sus, I ne'er can be lost; This watchword shall be my last song when I

**REFRAIN. ff**

call, "Come, poor, trembling sinner, there is pardon for all."  
 call; Bless the name of Je-sus, there is pardon for all. Pardon for all,  
 fall; Bless the name of Je-sus, there is pardon for all.  
 fall; Bless the name of Je-sus, there is pardon for all.

par-don for all; Bless the name of Je-sus, there is pardon for all.

## SET WHOLLY APART.

"Serve the Lord with all your heart."—SAM. 12: 20.

FRANCES BEAMISH.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Set wholly apart for the use of the Master; To work where he pleases with  
 2. Set wholly apart for the use of the Master; To lay me a-side if it  
 3. Set wholly apart for the use of the Master; To speak, from my heart, of his  
 4. Set wholly apart for the use of the Master; To work, or to rest, or to

ho - ly delight; As each day of life, than the last, hastens fast - er, So  
 seem to him best, Purchance by some blow of what earth calls disaster, Still  
 message of grace; To tell of his love though glad tears gather faster, And  
 speak for his sake; To give him, like Ma-ry, my choice al - a - bas-ter, My

pass every moment as in his dear sight. Kept by God's power, From  
 tran-quil-ly lean-ing up - on his loved breast. Kept by God's power, From  
 point to the Sav-ior who died in my place. Kept by God's power, From  
 sweetest and best o'er his pierced feet to break. Kept by God's power, From

hour unto hour, Still working with happiness, strong in his might, strong in his might.  
 hour unto hour, Re - lying with joy on his promises blest, promises blest.  
 hour unto hour, His mer-cy to sinners to gratefully trace, gratefully trace.  
 hour unto hour, Un - til in his likeness I, sat-is-fied, wake, sat-is-fied, wake.

"Son, go work to-day in my vineyard."—MATT. xxi : 28.

American Missionary.

D. G. NORRIS.

**Andante.**

1. One thought sub-lime-ly sweet, Wher-e'er my wand'rings be;  
 2. When friends are cold or far, What-e'er of life be-tide,  
 3. When tears on some sad face, In lone-ly vale I see,  
 4. A - cross the sol - emn tide The Fa-ther's man-sions be;

One star to guide my feet; The Lord hath need of me.  
 Thou art my guid - ing star; In thee I still a - bide.  
 The Lord is in that place; Some soul hath need of me.  
 On earth I must a - bide; The Lord hath need of me.

**CHORUS.**

A voice se - rene - ly sweet Thro' si - lence comes to me:

Here at my bleeding feet I still have need of thee."

5 My longing soul, when thrilled  
 By some sweet sounding chord,  
 Or with deep sorrow filled,  
 To dwell with Christ, my Lord.

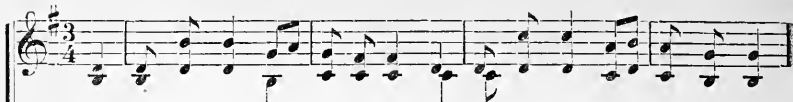
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6 Dear Lord, I work and wait,  
 Where'er thy footsteps be;  
 When at thy pearly gate,  
 Still, Lord, have need of me.

E. D. MUND.

"The Lord thinketh upon me."—Ps. 40: 17.

E. S. LORENZ.



1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Upon my soul their shad - ow cast;
3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,



One thought remains supreme - ly sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!  
 Their gloom reminds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!  
 I am con - tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!



## CHORUS.



Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, (of me,) Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, (of me,)



What need I fear since thou art near, And thinkest, Lord, of me.



# 28 IS NOT THIS THE LAND OF BEULAH?

ANON.

ARRANGED.

1. I am dwell-ing on the mountain, Where the gold-en sun-light gleams  
 2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wan-dered weary years,  
 3. I am drink-ing at the fountain, Where I ev-er would a-bide;  
 4. Tell me not of heavy cross-es, Nor the bur-dens hard to bear,  
 5. Oh, the Cross has wondrous glo-ry! Oft I've proved this to be true;

O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far ex-ceds my fondest dreams;  
 Oft en-hin-dered in my jour-ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears,  
 For I've tast-ed life's pure riv-er, And my soul is sat-is-fied;  
 For I've found this great sal-va-tion Makes each burden light ap-pear;  
 When I'm in the way so nar-row I can see a pathway thro';

Where the air is pure e-the-real, La-den with the breath of flow'rs,  
 Bro-ken vows and dis-appointments, Thickly sprin-kled all the way,  
 There's no thirsting for life's pleasures, Nor a-dorn-ing, rich and gay,  
 And I love to fol-low Je-sus, Glad-ly count-ing all but dross,  
 And how sweet-ly Je-sus whispers: Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear,

CHO. *Is not this the land of Beau-lah, Bless-ed, bless-ed land of light,*

**D. S. Chorus.**

They are bloom-ing by the fountain, 'Neath the am-a-ranthine bow'rs.  
 But the Spir-it led, un-err-ing, To the land I hold to-day.  
 For I've found a rich-er treas-ure, One that fad-eth not a-way.  
 Worldly hon-ors all for-sak-ing For the glo-ry of the Cross.  
 For I've tried this way be-fore thee, And the glo-ry lin-gers near.

*Where the flow-ers bloom for-ev-er, And the sun is al-ways bright.*

## DRAW ME TO THEE.

"And I will cause him to draw near, and he shall approach unto me."—JER. 30 : 21.

M. A. W. COOK.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Lord, weak and im-po-tent I stand, As fet-tered by an un-seen hand;  
 2. In vain I strug-gle to be free; I would, but can not, fly to thee;  
 3. Oh, bring me near-er, near-er still, That thine own peace my soul may fill,  
 4. Here, Lord, I would for-ev-er bide. And nev-er wan-der from thy side;

Break thou the strong and subtle band, And draw me close to thee.  
 Ope thou the pris-on door for me, And draw me close to thee.  
 And I may rest in thy sweet will; Lord, draw me close to thee.  
 Be-neath thy wing do thou me hide, And draw me close to thee.

*Chorus.*

Draw me close to thee, Sav-iour, Draw me close to thee; .....  
 close to thee, Sav-iour, close to thee;

Be-neath thy wing do thou me hide, And draw me close to thee.

E. A. H.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have you been to Je-sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you wash'd in the  
 2. Are you walk-ing dai-ly by the Savior's side? Are you wash'd in the  
 3. When the bridegroom cometh will your robes be white, Pure and white in the  
 4. Lay a-side the garments that are stain'd with sin, And be wash'd in the

blood of the Lamb? Are you fully trusting in his grace this hour? Are you  
 blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the cru-ci-fied? Are you  
 blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright, And be  
 blood of the Lamb? There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean, Oh, be

## CHORUS.

washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the  
 Are you washed

blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?  
 in the blood of the Lamb?

Are your garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

By permission.

M. A. K.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lord, I care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of  
 2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But thy blood, O my  
 3. Oh! that beautiful city, With its mansions of light, With its glorified

heav-en, I would enter the fold; In the book of thy kingdom, With its  
 Sav-ior, is suf-ficient for me; For thy promise is writ-ten In bright  
 be-ings. In pure garments of white; Where no evil thing cometh, To de-

pag-es so fair, Tell me, Jesus, my Savior. Is my name written there?  
 letters that glow. "Tho' your sins be as-scarlet, I will make them like snow."  
 spoil what is fair; Where the angels are watching, Is my name written there?

## REFRAIN.

Is my name writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?

In the book of thy king-dom, Is my name writ-ten there?



REV. W. GOSSETT. "For I am now ready to be offered and the time of my departure is at hand."—2 TIM. 4: 6.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. The ev'n - ing shades are fall - ing, The sun is sink - ing fast;  
 2. The road's been long and drear - y, The toils came thick and fast;  
 3. We now are near - ing heav - en, And soon shall be at rest;  
 4. Oh, praise the Lord for - ev - er! Our sor - rows are all past;

The Ho - ly One is call - ing, We're go - ing home at last.  
 In bod - y weak and wea - ry, We're go - ing home at last.  
 Our crowns will soon be giv - en, We're go - ing home at last.  
 We'll part no more, no nev - er, We are at home at last.

**CHORUS.**

Go - ing home at last! Go - ing home at last! The

march will soon be o - ver, We're go - ing home at last!

## 33

1 Oh, think of the home over there,  
 By the side of the river of light,  
 Where the saints all immortal and fair,  
 Are robed in their garments of white.  
 REF.—Over there, over there,  
 Oh, think of the home over there.

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,  
 Who before us the journey have trod,

Of the songs that they breathe on the air,  
 In their home in the palace of God.  
 REF.—Over there, over there,  
 Oh, think of the friends over there.

3 My Savior is now over there,  
 There my kindred and friends are at rest,  
 Then away from my sorrow and care,  
 Let me fly to the land of the blest.  
 REF.—Over there, over there,  
 My Savior is now over there.

J. E. RANEIN, D.D.

"Tell it to Jesus."—MATT. 14: 12.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Are you wea - ry, are you hea - vy - hearted? Tell it to Je - sus,  
 2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un - bidden? Tell it to Je - sus,  
 3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor - row? Tell it to Je - sus,  
 4. Are you trou - bled at the tho't of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus,

Tell it to Je - sus. Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de - part - ed?  
 Tell it to Je - sus. Have you sins that to man's eye are hid - den?  
 Tell it to Je - sus. Are you anx - ious what shall be to - mor - row?  
 Tell it to Je - sus. For Christ's com - ing King - dom are you sigh - ing?

*Chorus.*

Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus,

He is a friend that's well known: You have no oth - er

such a friend or broth - er? Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life."—JOHN 3: 16.

REV. F. DENISON.

W. WARREN BENTLEY.



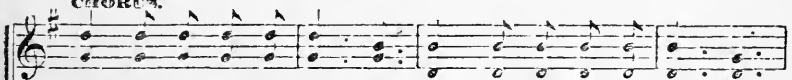
1. From Calvary's mountain sounding, What lov - ing words we hear,
2. Who-e'er my word be - liev - eth, We hear the Sav - ior say,
3. O broth - er, come and trust him, Oh, come to him to - day,



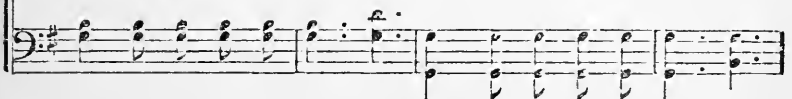
The love of God a - bound - ing, Dis - pel - ling all our fear.  
 A par - don full re - ceiv - eth, All sins are washed a - way.  
 He's wait - ing to re - ceive you, Why long - er than de - lay.



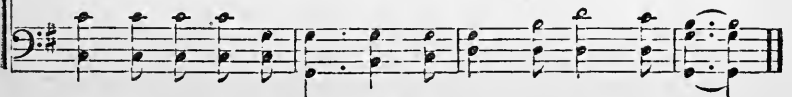
CHORUS.



Who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth, Who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth,



Who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth, Hath ev - er - last - ing life.



# 36 IT MUST BE SETTLED TO-NIGHT.

A miner in England went to church one night and became deeply concerned for the salvation of his soul. When the services were ended he refused to leave the house, although the minister told him it was late, and he must go home and seek the Saviour there, and come again the next night. "No," said the miner, "it must be settled to-night, to-morrow night may be too late." So the minister stayed with him until he found peace. The next day while at work in the mines a mass of rock fell upon him, and he was killed. His last words were, "Thank God, it was settled last night; to-night it would have been too late."

REV. C. B. KENDALL.

JOHN J. HOOD.

1. "It must be settled to - night, To-mor-row may be too late;"  
 2. A bur - den weighs my soul I can no lon - ger bear;  
 3. I can not rest till peace En-folds me from a - bove,-  
 4. Oh, now I know 'tis done! My peace is made with God;

The an-gel of death may come, And seal for - ev - er my fate.  
 Un-less removed this night, 'Twill sink me in - to de - spair.  
 Till my Re-deem - er speaks to me As-sur - ance of his love.  
 My par - don's found in Je - sus' name, Thro' faith in Je - sus' blood.

## CHORUS.

It must be set-tled to - night, I can no long-er wait;  
 to-night,

Peace with my God I now must have, To-mor-row may be too late.

"I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me and heard my cry."—P'SA. xli: 4.

I. B.

I. BALTZELL.

1. Sav-ior, at the cross I'm wait-ing, All to leave and fol-low thee;  
 2. All my earth-ly fame and treasure I sur-ren-der now to thee;  
 3. Precious Sav-ior, smile up-on me, God of wis-dom, love, and might;  
 4. Je-sus comes! O glo-ry! glo-ry! Now I feel the blood ap-plied;

Wretched, poor, despised, for-sak-en, Wait-ing, Lord, thy sym-pa-thy.  
 Let thy mer-cy, let thy pleas-ure Speak the word, and I am free.  
 Take my heart, in pit-y own me, Show thy face, and all is bright.  
 Tell to all the old, old sto-ry, He who trusts is sanc-ti-fied.

## CHORUS.

I am wait-ing at the cross, I am wait-ing at the cross, I am

wait-ing at the cross to be saved; I am waiting at the cross, I am

wait-ing at the cross, I am wait-ing at the cross to be saved.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. "Glad tidings of good things."—Rom. 10: 15. J. R. SWENEY.

1. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! the sound! Hear the joyful ceh-o  
 2. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! they say, Do not slight the warning,  
 3. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! a-gain! Rushing o'er the mountain,

Thro' the world resound; Christ the Lord proclaims them, Hear and heed the call,  
 Come, oh, come to-day; Christ, our lov-ing Sav-ior, Still re-peats the call,  
 Sweep-ing o'er the plain; Onward goes the message, 'Tis the Sav-ior's call,

## REFRAIN.

Come, ye starving ones that perish, Room, room for all.  
 Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y laden, Room, room for all. Who-so-ev-er ask-eth,  
 Come, for ev-'ry-thing is ready, Room, room for all.

Jesus will receive; Whosoever thirsteth, Jesus will relieve; See the living

waters, Flowing full and free; Oh, the blessed whosoever! That means me.

Mrs. PHIGEE PALMER.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Oh, now I see the crimson wave, The fountain deep and wide;  
 2. I rise to walk in heaven's own light A - bove the world and sin,  
 3. A - maz ing grace! 'tis heaven be - low To feel the blood ap - plied;

Je - sus, my Lord, might - y to save, Points to His wounded side,  
 With heart made pure, and garments white, And Christ enthroned with - in,  
 And Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus know, My Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

*Chorus.*

The cleansing stream I see! I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me,

Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me! It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me.

40

BY PERMISSION.

**M**Y hope is built on nothing less  
 Than Jesus' blood and righteous-  
 ness;

I dare not trust the sweetest frame,  
 But wholly lean on Jesus' name:

## CHORUS:

On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand;  
 ||: All other ground is sinking sand. ||

When darkness seems to veil his face,  
 I rest on his unchanging grace;  
 In every high and stormy gale,  
 My anchor holds within the vale.

His oath, his covenant, and blood,  
 Support me in the whelming flood,  
 When all around my soul gives way,  
 He then is all my hope and stay.

J. B. C.

"By grace are ye saved, through faith."—Eph. ii: 5.

I. BALTZELL.

1. I have found redemption in the Sav - ier's blood, I am saved by  
 2. Oh, how sweet the story of his won-drous grace! I am saved by  
 3. I will sing of Je-sus while the days go by, I am saved by  
 4. I will keep on sing-ing as I march a - long, I am saved by

faith in his blood (in his blood); I am sweet-ly trust-ing in the  
 faith in his blood (in his blood); I will trust in Je - sus while I  
 faith in his blood (in his blood); I will trust his promise—on his  
 faith in his blood (in his blood); In my home in glo - ry this shall

word of God, I am saved by faith in his blood. I am saved.  
 run my race, I am saved by faith in his blood.  
 strength-re-ly, I am saved by faith in his blood.  
 be my song, I am saved by faith in his blood. I am saved, sweetly

CHORUS.

yes, sweetly saved, I am saved by faith in the  
 saved, I am saved, sweetly saved,

1st time.

blood he shed for me, I am saved by faith in his blood (in his blood.)

1st time. 2d time.



## WHAT A WONDERFUL SAVIOR!

"And his name shall be called Wonderful."—ISA. ix : 6.

Words and Music by ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Christ has for sin atonement made, What a wonder - ful Savior!  
 2. I praise him for the cleansing blood, What a wonder - ful Savior!  
 3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, What a wonder - ful Savior!  
 4. He walks be-side me in the way, What a wonder - ful Savior!  
 5. He gives me o-ver-com-ing power, What a wonder - ful Savior!  
 6. To him I've giv-en all my heart, What a wonder - ful Savior!

We are redeemed! the price is paid! What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!  
 That rec - on-ciled my soul to God; What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!  
 And now he reigns and rules therein, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!  
 And keeps me faithful day by day; What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!  
 And triumph in each con-flict hour, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!  
 The world shall never share a part, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!

## CHORES.

What a won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus, my Je - sus!

What a wond - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus, my Lord!

# 43 WHAT A GATH'RING THAT WILL BE.

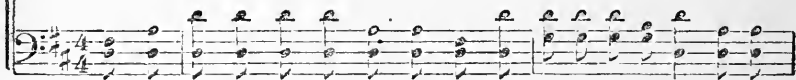
"Gather my saints together unto me."—Is. 1: 5.

J. H. K.

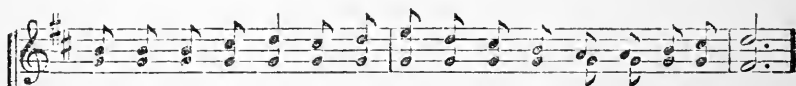
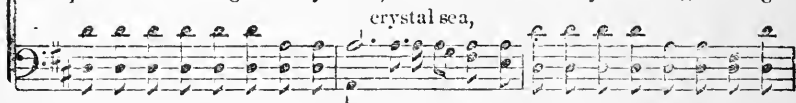
J. H. KURZENKNABE.



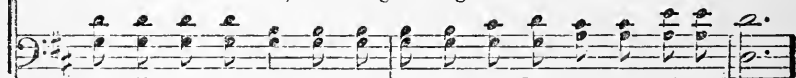
1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gather'd home, We will
2. When the angel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall
3. At the great and final judgment, when the hidden comes to light, When the
4. When the golden harps are sounding, and the angel bands proclaim, In tri-



greet each other by the crystal sea, With the friends and all the lov'd ones there a-gather, and the saved and ransomed sec, Then to meet again together, on the Lord in all his glory we shall see; At the bidding of our Savior, "Come, ye umphant strains the glorious jubilee; Then to meet and join to sing the song of



wait-ing us to come, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be  
 bright ce-les-tial shore, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be  
 bless-ed to my right, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be  
 Mos-es and the Lamb, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be



## CHORUS.



What a gath - - 'ring, gath - 'ring At the  
 What a gath'ring of the loved ones when we'll meet with one another,



# WHAT A GATH'RING THAT WILL BE. Concluded.

sounding of the glorious jubilee! What a gath - 'ring,  
 jubilee! What a gath'ring when the friends and all the  
 gath - 'ring, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be  
 dear ones meet each other,

44

## COME TO THE CROSS.

REV. J. H. MARTIN.

"The death of the cross."—Phil. ii: 7.

E. S. LORENZ.

*Fine.*

1. { Come to the cross where the Savior died, Look to the Lamb that was crucified;  
 { Turn to the mournful and tragic scene, Gaze on the suf-fer-ing Nazarene;
2. { Fall at the feet of the dying One, Trust in the name of the Father's Son;  
 { Wash in the fountain of Jesus' blood, Seek for thy cure in the healing flood.
3. { Fly to the arms of his pard'ning love, Cherish the hope of a crown above;  
 { Taste of the sweetness of sins forgiv'n, Lean on the promise of rest in heav'n.

D. C. *Come to the cross where the Savior died, Look to the Lamb that was crucified.*

**CHORUS** *D. C.*

Look at the Crucified, look and live! Look, for eternal life he will give;

## GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN.

"A fountain opened . . . for sin and for uncleanness."—Zech. xiii : 1.

COWPER.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. { There is a fount-ain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood,  
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood,

2. { The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see, re-joiced to see, re-joiced to see,  
And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he,

There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, }  
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. }  
The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fountain in his day, }  
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way. }

CHORUS.

Oh, glo-ri-ous fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev-er

3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood :  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed Church of God :  
Are saved, to sin no more.

Wash my sins a-way.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream :  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme, :  
And shall be till I die.

## SCARCELY SAVED.

"And if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and sinner appear?" - 1 PETER IV: 18.

I. B.

I. BALZELL.

1. Scarce-ly saved! oh, what a word! 'Tis the lan-guage of the Lord;  
 2. Scarce-ly saved! a warn-ing given; Rouse thee, sin-ner! start for heaven;  
 3. Scarce-ly saved! if saved at all; Sin-ner, hear the Sav-ior's call;  
 4. Scarce-ly saved! oh, sin-ner, hear! Christ, the great Phy-si-cian's near;

Scarce-ly saved the right-ous are; Sin-ner, where wilt thou ap-pear?  
 Je-sus waits to save thee now, At his foot-stool hum-bly bow.  
 Come with all your guilt and sin, Christ will freely take you in.  
 Wilt thou now this truth be-lieve? "On-ly look to Christ and live."

## CHORUS.

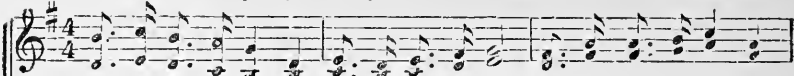
Scarce-ly saved! oh, sin-ner, hear it! Scarce-ly saved! oh, sin-ner, fear it!

Fly to Je-sus while you may, He will wash your sins a-way.

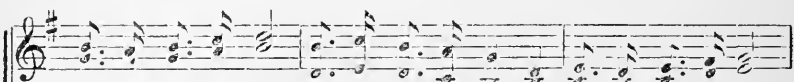
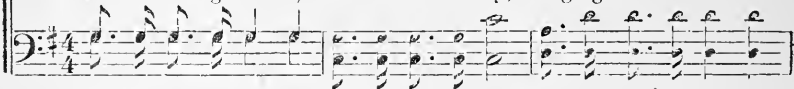
E. D. MUND.

"Prepare ye the way of the Lord."—Is. xl : 3.

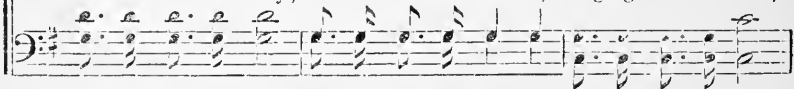
E. S. LORENZ.



1. Go ye out to meet him, God is drawing near; Soon his pow'r and glory
2. Put aside the sin that keeps the pow'r away; Cleanse your hearts from evil,
3. He will love you freely, your back-lidings heal, Fill your soul with power,
4. God is coming near-er, God is here to-day, Bringing his sal-va-tion



in us will appear; Hear the message sounding, "O pre-pare the way;"  
 hum-bly bow and pray; Seek his face and fa-vor, claim the promise true,  
 all his grace reveal; He will give you peace, your heart with gladness fill;  
 for the souls that stray; Onward rolls his chariot, bringing life and cheer,



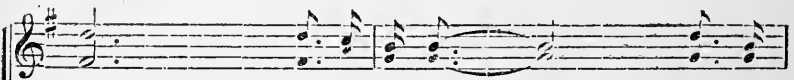
## CHORUS.

God is coming nearer, God will come to-day. God is coming,  
 He with needed strength and power will endue.  
 Oh, prepare the way, ac-cept his ho-ly will!  
 God has come in power, vic-to-ry is here.

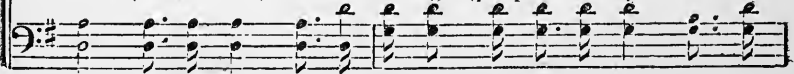
prepare the way!



God is coming (pre-pare the way!) God is coming, prepare the way of the



Lord! (of the Lord!) God is com-ing (pre-pare the way! God is



# GOD IS COMING. Concluded.

coming, prepare the way! God is coming, prepare the way of the Lord!

48

## TAKE ME AS I AM.

"And I will accept you, saith the Lord God."—Ezek. xliii : 27.

ANON.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Un - less thou help me, I must die;
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt,
3. I thirst, I long to know thy love, Thy full salvation I would prove;
4. If thou hast work for me to do, Inspire my will, my heart renew,
5. And when at last the work is done, The bat-tle o'er, the vic-t'ry won,

Oh, bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!  
 And thou canst make me what thou wilt, But take me as I am!  
 But since to thee I can not move, Oh, take me as I am!  
 And work both in and by me, too, But take me as I am!  
 Still, still my cry shall be a - lone, Oh, take me as I am!

*D. S. Bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!*

### REFRAIN.

Take me as I am, Take me as I am; Oh,  
 Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;

1. Soon the eve-ning sha-dows fall-ing Close the day of mor-tal life;  
 2. Soon the aw-ful trum-pet sound-ing Calls thee to the judg-ment throne;  
 3. Oh, how fa-tal 'tis to lin-ger! Art thou read-y—read-y now?  
 4. Priceless love and free sal-va-tion Free-ly still are of-fered thee;

Soon the hand of death ap-pal-ling Draws thee from its wea-ry strife.  
 Now pre-pare, for love a-bound-ing Yet has left thee not a-lone.  
 Read-y should Death's i-cy fin-ger Lay its chill up-on thy brow?  
 Yield no long-er to temp-ta-tion, But from sin and sor-row flee.

*Chorus.*

Are you rea-dy?.... are you rea-dy?.... 'Tis the  
 Are you ready? are you ready?

Spir-it call-ing, why de-lay? Are you rea-dy?....  
 Are you ready?

Are you rea-dy?.... Do not lin-ger long-er, come to-day.  
 Are you ready?



REV. ISAAC N. WILSON.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. { While we bow in thy name, oh, meet us a-gain, Fill our  
 { May the spir - it of grace, and the smiles of thy face, Gen - tly  
 2. { Our souls long for thee; oh, may we now see A  
 { And feel as it rolls in pow - er o'er our souls, It is  
 3. { Thou'rt with us, we know, we feel the sweet flow Of the  
 { We are washed from our sin, made all ho - ly with-in, And in

*D. S.* light stream ing down makes the path - way all clear, It is

hearts with the light of thy love. }  
 fall on us now from a - bove. }  
 sin-cleansing blood wave appear, } It is good to be here, It is  
 good for us, Lord, to be here. }  
 sin-cleansing wave's gladd'ning tide; }  
 Je - sus we sweet - ly a - bide. }

god for us, Lord, to be here.

good to be here, Thy perfect love now drives a-way all our fear, And

From "Joy to the World," by permission.

## 51

- 1 Pass, pass; all earthly joy,  
 Jesus is mine:  
 Break every mortal tie,  
 Jesus is mine:  
 Dark is the wilderness,  
 Distant the resting place,  
 Jesus alone can bless,  
 Jesus is mine.
- 2 Tempt not my soul away,  
 Jesus is mine:  
 Here would I ever stay,  
 Jesus is mine:  
 Perishing things of clay,  
 Born but for one brief day,  
 Pass from my heart away,  
 Jesus is mine.

- 3 Farewell, ye dreams of night!  
 Jesus is mine:  
 Mine is a dawning bright,  
 Jesus is mine:  
 All that my soul has tried,  
 Left but a dismal void;  
 Jesus has satisfied;  
 Jesus is mine.
- 4 Farewell, mortality!  
 Jesus is mine:  
 Welcome, eternity!  
 Jesus is mine:  
 Welcome, ye scenes of rest!  
 Welcome, ye mansions blest!  
 Welcome, a Savior's breast!  
 Jesus is mine.

AMICUS. "I will take the stony heart out of their flesh, and will give them a heart of flesh."—Ezek. 11:19. I. BALTZELL.

1. Take my heart, dear Jesus, Make it all thine own—All thine own,  
 2. Take my heart, dear Jesus, Make it pure and clean—Pure and clean,  
 3. Take my heart, dear Jesus, Make it white as snow—White as snow,

all thine own;  
 pure and clean;  
 white as snow;

Let thy Holy Spirit Break this heart of stone,  
 Let thy blood, still flowing, Wash away my sin,  
 May the cleansing fountain, May thy precious flow,

CHORUS.

And make me all thine own. Take my heart . . . and let it  
 And make me pure and clean. Take my heart and let it  
 Still keep me white as snow;

be Every mo - ment more like thee;  
 be, and let it be, Ev-'ry moment, ev'ry moment more like thee;

At thy feet I bow; Take my heart just now, And make me all thine own.

L. W.

"At midnight there was a cry made."—Matt. xxv: 6. REV. L. WHITE.

1. O ye saints! the Lord is coming for his own, (ye, for his own,) From the

kingdom of his Father up on high, (from up on high;) Soon his

glo - ry will be streaming from the Throne; Yes, the Bridegroom is

com - ing by and by. Trim your lamps and be rea - dy,

rea - dy, rea - dy, Trim your lamps and be ready when the Bridegroom comes.

2 Let the Church awake and put her garments on.

And her lamps be trimmed and burning—

God is nigh!

Let the lost return before the day is gone,

For the Bridegroom is coming by and by.

3 May the formal ones awake before that day

When the Lord descends in judgment from the sky;

For the oil of grace in them is burned away,  
And the Bridegroom is coming by and by.

4 When the foolish from their slumber shall awake,

To the virgins wise they then in vain shall cry;

Soon the deaf'ning thunders o'er their heads will break;

Oh! the Bridegroom is coming by and by.

From "Gospel Melodies," by permission of Rev. L. White.

## I'VE BEEN REDEEMED.

"For I have redeemed thee"—Is. 43:1.

JOHN MASON.

Arr. by DR. T. H. PEACOCK.

1. I've found the pearl of greatest price! My heart doth sing for joy!  
 2. Christ is my peace; he died for me, For me he gave his blood!  
 3. Christ Je-sus is my all in all,—My com-fort and my love;

And sing I must, for Christ is mine, Christ shall my song em-ploy.  
 And, as my won-drous sac-ri-fice, Of-fered him-self to God.  
 My life be-low, and he shall be My joy and crown a-bove.

I've been re-deem'd, . . . I've been re-deem'd, . . . I've been re-  
 I've been redeem'd, I've been redeem'd,

deem'd, I've been redeem'd, I've been redeem'd, I've been re-  
 I've been redeem'd, I've been redeem'd, I've been redeem'd,

deem'd, . . . Been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb, Been redeem'd by the blood of the  
 I've been redeem'd, . . . Been redeem'd by the

# I'VE BEEN REDEEMED. Concluded.

1st time. 2nd time *pp* D. S.

Lamb, Been redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb, That flow'd on Calvary.  
 blood of the Lamb, Been redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb,

55

## JUDGMENT DAY.

ANON.

American Spiritual. Arr. by E. S. L.

1. The judgment day is com - ing, com - ing, com - ing, The
2. I heard the trampet sound - ing, sound - ing, sound - ing, I
3. I saw the Judge descend - ing, de - scend - ing, de - scend - ing, I
4. I saw the dead a - ris - ing, a - ris - ing, a - ris - ing, I
5. I heard the thunder roll - ing, roll - ing, roll - ing, I
6. I saw the lightning blaz - ing, blaz - ing, blaz - ing, I

### CHORUS.

judgment day is com - ing, Oh, that great day!  
 heard the trumpet sounding, On that great day.  
 saw the Judge de - scend - ing, On that great day. Let us take the wings of the  
 saw the dead a - ris - ing, On that great day.  
 heard the thunder roll - ing, On that great day.  
 saw the lightning blaz - ing, On that great day.

morning. And fly away to Jesus; Let us take the wings of the morning And sound the jubi-lee.

7 I heard the wicked wailing, wailing, wailing,  
 I heard the wicked wailing,  
 On that great day.

CHORUS.  
 For they took not the wings of the morning  
 Nor flew away to Jesus;  
 For they took not the wings of the morning  
 Nor sang the jubilee.

8 I heard the righteous shouting, shouting,  
 I heard the righteous shouting, [shouting].  
 On that great day.

CHORUS.  
 For they took the wings of the morning,  
 And flew away to Jesus;  
 For they took the wings of the morning,  
 And sang the jubilee.

TRACY CLINTON.

John 3: 7.

C. O. BLAKESLEE.

1. The Sav - ior to you, who his foll - 'wer would be, And  
 2. If you from the pow - er of sin would be free, And  
 3. You nev - er can en - ter the home in the sky, Nor

wish his own glo - ri - ous king - dom to see, Says, "Mar - vel not  
 walk - ing with Je - sus would con - stant - ly be, Then mar - vel not  
 share in the bliss ev - er - last - ing on high, Un - less with the

that I have said un - to thee, Ye must be born a - gain!"  
 that he now says un - to thee, "Ye must be born a - gain."  
 sol - emn de - mand you com - ply, "Ye must be born a - gain."

**CHORUS.**  
 "Ye must be born a - gain, again," "Ye must be born a - gain, again," I

ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly say un - to thee, "Ye must be born a - gain."

From "Praise Hymns," used by Evang. Willis. By permission.

JOHN GENNICK.

REV. GEORGE COLES.

1. Je - sus, my all, to heaven is gone, He whom I fix my hopes up - on;

*f* His track I see, and I'll pur - sue The nar - row way, till him I view. *Fine.*

*D. S.*—The King's highway of ho - li - ness, I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

*D. S.* The way the ho - ly prophets went, The road that leads from banishment,

2 This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourned because I found it not;  
My grief a burden long has been,  
Because I was not saved from sin.  
The more I strove against its power,  
I felt its weight and guilt the more;  
Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

3 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,  
Shalt take me to thee, as I am;  
Nothing but sin have I to give;  
Nothing but love shall I receive.  
Then will I tell to sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour I have found;  
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
And say, "Behold the way to God."

"Come before his presence with singing"—PSA. 100: 2.

BISHOP THOS. KEN.

G. FRANC, 1543.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

"It is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me."—CANT. v: 2.

W. S. MARSHALL.

W. S. MARSHALL.

1. Do you hear the Sav-ior call-ing, By the woo-ings of his voice?  
 2. By his *Spir-it* he is woo-ing, Soft-ly draw-ing us to him,  
 3. By the *Word* of Truth he's speak-ing 'To the wand'ring, err-ing ones;  
 4. In his *Prov-i-den-tial deal-ings*, E-ven in his stern de-crees,

Do you hear the ac-cents fall-ing? Will you make the pre-cious choice?  
 Thro' the day and night pur-suing, With his gen-tle voice to win.  
 List! the voice the still-ness break-ing! Hear the sweet and sol-emn tones!  
 In the loud-est thun-ders peal-ing, Or the mur-m'ring of the breeze.

## REFRAIN.

I am list'n-ing; oh, I'm list'n-ing Just to hear the ac-cents fall!

Repeat softly.

I am list'n-ing; oh, I'm list'n-ing To the Sav-ior's gen-tle call!



# 60 I'VE BEEN WASHED IN THE BLOOD.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."—Rev. 7: 14.

W. T. DALE.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. { I am just from Jesus, who has cleans'd my soul, I've been wash'd in the  
By the blood of Je - sus I have been made whole, I've been wash'd in the

2. { I am dai - ly trusting Je - sus at my side, I've been wash'd in the  
I am sweetly rest - ing in the Cru - ci - fi - d, I've been wash'd in the

*D. C.—And my robe is spot - less, it is white as snow, I've been wash'd in the*

**Fine. CHORUS.**

blood of the Lamb. } I've been wash'd, I've been wash'd, I've been  
blood of the Lamb. }  
blood of the Lamb. } I've been wash'd, I've been wash'd,  
blood of the Lamb. }

*blood of the Lamb.*

**D. C.** 3 I am working in the vineyard of the Lord,  
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb,  
I am trusting in the promise of his word,  
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

4 I am watching for the coming of my Lord,  
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb,  
He will come according to his holy word,  
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Copyright, 1885, by D. E. Dortch.

# 61 COME TO JESUS.

English.

1. Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, Come to Je - sus, just now, Just now, come to

Jesus, come to Jesus, just now.

2 He will save you.	10 He'll forgive you.
3 Oh, believe him.	11 Flee to Jesus.
4 He is able.	12 He will cleanse you.
5 He is willing.	13 He will clothe you.
6 He'll receive you.	14 Jesus loves you.
7 Call upon him.	15 Don't reject him.
8 He will hear you.	16 Only trust him.
9 Look unto him.	17 Hallelujah, Amen.

English.  
Arranged by Mrs. G. K. LITTLE.

1. { Am I a soldier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb, And when the battle's  
And shall I fear to own his cause, Or bus'ly to speak his name? And when the battle's.

o - ver we shall wear a crown! yes, we shall wear a crown! yes, we shall wear a crown!  
o - ver we shall wear a crown! (Omit 2d and last time.)

In the new Je - ru - sa - lem! Wear a crown! wear a crown!  
Wear a crown! wear a crown!

2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flow'ry beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize  
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace  
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.

## 63

1 How sweet the cheering words,  
"Whoever will" may come;  
The door of mercy open stands,  
As yet there still is room.

Cho.—I'm glad salvation's free!  
I'm glad salvation's free!  
Salvation's free for you and me,  
I'm glad salvation's free!

2 'Tis the "accepted time,"  
The day of grace and love;  
And God invites "whoever will"  
His faithfulness to prove.

3 The Savior sits on high,  
The proof that all is done;  
And sinners now God can accept—  
Through his beloved Son.

## 64

1 Depth of mercy! can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me?  
Can my God his wrath forbear—  
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

Cho.—God is love, I know, I feel,  
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

2 I have long withstood his grace;  
Long provoked him to his face:  
Would not hearken to his calls:  
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;  
Let me now my sins lament;  
Now my foul revolt deplore,  
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

## 65

**F**ROM every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat;  
'Tis found before the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads —  
A place of all on earth most sweet;  
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.

There, there, on eagle wings we soar,  
And sin and sense molest no more;  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

## 66

**W**E praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy  
love,  
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

**CHORUS.**—Hallelujah! thine the glory;  
Hallelujah! Amen;  
Hallelujah! thine the glory;  
Revive us again.

All glory and praise to the Lamb that was  
slain,  
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed  
every stain.

Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love:  
May each soul be rekindled with fire from  
above.

## 67

**T**HE great Physician now in near,  
The sympathizing Jesus;  
He speaks, the drooping heart to cheer,  
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

**CHORUS.**—Sweetest note in seraph song,  
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,  
Sweetest carol ever sung,  
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

Your many sins are all forgiven,  
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;  
Go on your way in peace to heaven,  
And wear a crown with Jesus.

All glory to the dying Lamb!  
I now believe in Jesus;  
I love the blessed Savior's name,  
I love the name of Jesus.

## 68

**I** HEAR the Savior say,  
Thy strength indeed is small;  
Child of weakness, watch and pray,  
Find in me thine all in all.

**CHORUS.**—Jesus paid it all,  
All to him I owe;  
Sin had left a crimson stain:  
He washed it white as snow.

For nothing good have I  
Whereby his grace to claim —  
I'll wash my garment white  
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

When from my dying bed  
My ransomed soul shall rise,  
Then "Jesus paid it all,"  
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

## 69

**T**HE cross! the cross! the blood-stained  
cross!  
The hallowed cross I see!  
Reminding me of precious blood  
That once was shed for me.

**CHORUS.**—O, the blood! the precious blood  
That Jesus shed for me,  
Upon the cross, in crimson flood,  
Just now by faith I see.

The cross! the cross! that heavy cross,  
My Savior bore for me;  
It bowed him to the earth with grief  
On sad Mount Calvary.

The love! the love! the matchless love,  
That bled upon the tree!  
It melts my heart, it wins my love,  
It brings me, Lord, to thee.

## 70

**B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow  
The gladly solemn sound;  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound,  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Jesus, our great High Priest,  
Has full atonement made;  
Ye weary spirits, rest;  
Ye mourning souls be glad;  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Exalt the Lamb of God,  
The sin-atoning Lamb;  
Redemption by his blood  
Through all the world proclaim;  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

## 71

**C**OME, every soul by sin oppressed,  
There's mercy with the Lord,  
And he will surely give you rest,  
By trusting in his word.

**CHORUS.**—Only trust him, only trust him,  
Only trust him now;  
He will save you, he will save you,  
He will save you now.

For Jesus shed his precious blood  
Rich blessings to bestow;  
Plunge now into the crimson tide  
That washes white as snow.

Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the way,  
That leads you into rest;  
Believe in him without delay,  
And you are fully blest.

"The door was shut."—MATT. 25 : 10.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

REV. S. MORRISON.

1. The door is shut! They knock in vain, They can-not hear-ing gain: They've  
 2. The door is shut! God wait - ed long: The cords of love are strong: At  
 3. The door is shut! T'will op - en not: The past they can-not blot: Knock-

grieved the Fath - er's love a - way; For - ev - er gone is mer - cy's day; They  
 last, compelled to give them up, To drink the sin - ner's dreadful cup, What  
 ing with - out, their Lord once stood, Pleading, in vain his precious blood, How

*rit.*  
 wring their hands in pain. The door is shut, the door is shut.  
 mem' - ries on them throng, The door is shut, the door is shut.  
 changed, a - las! their lot! The door is shut, the door is shut.

## 73

**S**TAND up! stand up for Jesus!  
 Ye soldiers of the cross;  
 Lift high his royal banner,  
 It must not suffer loss;  
 From victory unto victory  
 His army shall he lead,  
 Till every foe is vanquished,  
 And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus,  
 The trumpet call obey;  
 Forth to the mighty conflict,  
 In this, his glorious day;  
 Ye that are men! now serve him,  
 Against unnumbered foes;  
 Your courage rise with danger,  
 And strength to strength oppose.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
 Stand in his strength alone;  
 The arm of flesh will fail you—  
 Ye dare not trust your own.  
 Put on the gospel armor,  
 And watching unto prayer,  
 Where duty calls, or danger,  
 Be never wanting there.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
 The strife will not be long;  
 This day the noise of battle,  
 The next, the victor's song;  
 To him that overcometh,  
 A crown of life shall be;  
 He, with the king of glory,  
 Shall reign eternally.

I AM coming to the cross;  
I am poor, and weak, and blind;  
I am counting all but dross.  
I shall full salvation find.

CHORUS:—I am trusting, Lord, in thee,  
Blest Lamb of Calvary:  
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,  
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

Long my heart has sighed for Thee,  
Long has evil reigned within.  
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—  
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

Here I give my all to Thee,  
Friends, and time, and earthly store:  
Soul and body, Thine to be,—  
Wholly Thine for evermore.

In thy promises I trust,  
Now I feel the blood applied:  
I am prostrate in the dust,  
I with Christ am crucified.

O JESUS, the crucified, now I am free?  
I plunge in the crimson tide opened for me.

CHORUS:—Hallelujah 'tis done, I believe in  
the Son,  
I am saved by the blood of the cruci-  
fied One!

O Jesus, the crucified! now thou art mine,  
No longer in dread condemnation I pine.

O Jesus, the crucified! holy and pure,  
No wound hath my heart that his blood can  
not cure.

O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,  
And point to the print of the nails in his  
hand.

O Jesus! the crucified! thee will I sing,  
My blessed Redeemer! my God and my King  
My soul's filled with joy o'er the victory won,  
And I'll triumph in death thro' the crucified  
One.

SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of  
prayer!

What calls me from a world of care,  
And bids me at my Father's throne,  
Take all my wants and wishes known  
In seasons of distress and grief,  
My soul has often found relief;  
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,  
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
Thy wings shall my petitions bear  
To him whose truth and faithfulness  
Engage the waiting soul to bless;  
And since he bids me seek his face,  
Believe his word, and trust his grace,  
I'll cast on him my every care,  
And wait for thee sweet, hour of prayer.

MORE love to thee, O Christ!  
More love to thee!  
Hear thou the prayer I make,  
On bended knee;  
This is my earnest plea—  
More love, O Christ, to thee,  
More love to thee!

Once earthly joy I craved,  
Sought peace and rest;  
Now thee alone I seek,  
Give what is best:  
This all my prayer shall be,—  
More love, O Christ, to thee,  
More love to thee.

WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear;  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer,  
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,  
Oh, what needless pain we bear—  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer.

Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a friend so faithful,  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer:  
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,  
Thou wilt find a solace there.

HE leadeth me, oh, blessed thought:  
O, words with heav'nly comfort fraught,  
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me:

REF.—He leadeth me, he leadeth me!  
By his own hand he leadeth me:  
His faithful follower I would be,  
For by his hand he leadeth me.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
By waters still, or troubled sea,  
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,  
Nor ever murmur nor repine—  
Content, whatever lot I see,  
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

MY days are gliding swiftly by,  
And I, a pilgrim stranger,  
Would not detain them as they fly,  
Those hours of toil and danger.

CHO.—For now we stand on Jordan's strand  
Our friends are passing over:  
And just before the shingling shore  
We may almost discover.

Should coming days be dark and cold,  
We will not yield to sorrow,  
For hope will sing, with courage bold,  
"There's glory on the morrow."

Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,  
Each chord on earth to sever,  
(Our King says, Come, and there's our home  
Forever! oh, forever!

C. J. B.

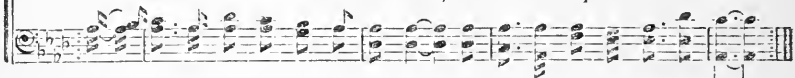
CHAS. J. BUTLER.



1. I was once far away from the Savior, And as vile as a sinner could be,



I wondered if Christ the Redeemer, Could save a poor sinner like me.



- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 I wandered on in the darkness,<br/>Not a ray of light could I see,<br/>And the thought filled my heart with sadness,<br/>There's no hope for a sinner like me.</p> <p>3 I then fully trusted in Jesus,<br/>And oh, what a joy came to me;<br/>My heart was filled with his praises,<br/>For saving a sinner like me.</p> | <p>4 No longer in darkness I'm walking,<br/>For the light is now shining on me,<br/>And now unto others I'm telling,<br/>How he saved a poor sinner like me.</p> <p>5 And when life's journey is over,<br/>And I the dear Savior shall see,<br/>I'll praise him forever and ever,<br/>For saving a sinner like me,</p> |
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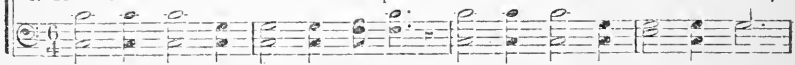
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FABER.

Arr. by S. J. VAIL.



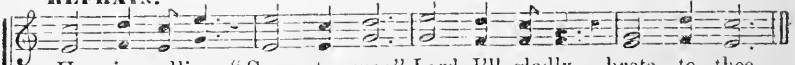
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|---|---|
| <p>1. There's a full-ness in God's mercy,<br/>2. There's no place where earthly sorrows<br/>3. For the love of God is broader<br/>4. If our love were but more simple</p> | <p>Like the full-ness of the sea;<br/>Are more felt than up in heaven;<br/>Than the meas-ure of man's mind;<br/>We should take him at his word;</p> |
|---|---|



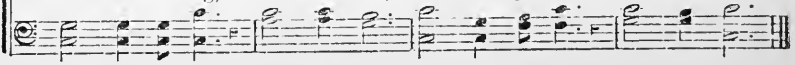
There's a kindness in his justice Which is more than lib - er - ty.  
There's no place where earthly failings Have such kind-ly judgment given.  
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.  
And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweetness of our Lord.



## REFRAIN.



He is calling, "Come to me;" Lord, I'll gladly haste to thee.



## 83.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning powers;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.

Dear Lord! and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate,  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great?

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning powers;  
Come shed abroad a Savior's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

## 84.

OH, for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame;  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

Return, O, holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest;  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.

## 85.

A CHARGE to keep I have,  
A God to glorify,  
A never-dying soul to save  
And fit it for the sky.

Arm me with jealous care  
As in thy sight to live,  
And, oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give.

Help me to watch and pray  
And on thyself rely,  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall forever die.

## 86.

OH, happy day that fixed my choice  
On Thee, my Savior and my God;  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.

## CHORUS.

Happy day! Happy day!  
When Jesus washed my sins away,  
He taught me how to watch and pray  
And live rejoicing every day.  
Happy day! happy day!  
When Jesus washed my sins away.

'Tis done—the great transaction's done;  
I am my Lord's and he is mine;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

Now rest—my long divided heart—  
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;  
Here I have found a nobler part,  
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

## 87.

JESUS! lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high.  
Hide me, O my Savior hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide—  
Oh, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;  
Leave, oh, leave me not alone;  
Still support and comfort me.  
All my trust on thee is staid;  
All my help from thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.

## 88.

JUST as I am, without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings within, and fears without,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

## 89.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy wounded side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,—  
Save from wrath and keep me pure.

Could my tears forever flow,  
Could my zeal no languor know,  
These for sin will not atone;  
Thou must save and thou alone;  
In my hands no price I bring;  
Simply to thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyes shall close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
See thee on thy judgment throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

## 90.

MY faith looks up to thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary;  
Savior divine:  
Now hear me while I pray;  
Take all my guilt away;  
Oh, let me, from this day,  
Be wholly thine.

May thy rich grace impart,  
Strength to my fainting heart;  
My zeal inspire;  
As thou hast died for me,  
Oh, may my love to thee,  
Pure, warm and changeless be—  
A living fire.

1. { Come, ye sinners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
Je-sus ready stands to save you, (Omit.) . . . . .

Full of pit-y. love and power. Why don't you come to Je-sus? He's

waiting to receive you, Why don't you come to Jesus and be saved? saved?

From "Salvation Echoes," by permission.

2 Now, ye needy, come, and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify;  
True belief and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings you nigh.

3 Let not conscience make you linger;  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness he requireth  
Is to feel your need of him!

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
Bruised and mangled by the fall;  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all.

These words can be used with this chorus:

Cho.—Turn to the Lord and seek sal-  
vation,

Sound the praise of his dear name,  
Glory, honor, and salvation,  
Christ, the Lord, is come to reign.

Or with the following:

Cho.—I will arise and go to Jesus,  
He will embrace me in his arms,  
In the arms of my dear Jesus,  
Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

## 92

1 Come, thou fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise.  
Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above;  
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it,  
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by thy help I'm come;  
And I hope by thy good pleasure  
Safely to arrive at home.  
Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,  
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—  
Prone to leave the God I love;  
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it—  
Seal it for thy courts above.



## 93

**L**ORD, I hear of showers of blessing  
Thou art scattering full and free—  
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;  
Let some droppings fall on me—

**Cuo.**—Even me, even me,  
Let Thy blessing fall on me.

Pass me not, O gracious Father!  
Sinful tho' my heart may be;  
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather  
Let Thy mercy fall on me.—Even me.

Pass me not, O tender Savior!  
Let me love and cling to Thee;  
I am longing for Thy favor;  
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me—Even me.

Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,  
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;  
Whilst the springs of life are springing,  
Blessing others, oh, bless me.—Even me.

## 94

**B**EHOLD a stranger at the door!  
He gently knocks, has knocked before,  
Has waited long, is waiting still;  
You treat no other friend so ill.

**Cuo.**—Oh, let the dear Savior come in,  
He'll cleanse thy heart from sin;  
Oh, keep him no more out at the door,  
But let the dear Savior come in.

Oh, lovely attitude!—he stands  
With melting heart and loaded hands;  
Oh, matchless kindness!—and he shows  
This matchless kindness to his foes.

But will he prove a friend indeed?  
He will,—the very Friend you need;  
The Friend of sinners,—yes, 'tis he,  
With garments dyed on Calvary.

Rise, touched with gratitude divine,  
Turn out his enemy and thine,—  
That soul-destroying monster, sin,—  
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

## 95

**A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name,  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him—Lord of all.

Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him—Lord of all.

Let every Kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him—Lord of all.

Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,  
We at his feet may fall;  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown him—Lord of all.

## 96

**H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear;  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

**CHORUS.**—O, how I love Jesus,  
O, how I love Jesus,  
Because he first loved me.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary, rest.

Dear name, the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place;  
My never-failing treasure, filled  
With boundless stores of grace.

## 97

**F**AATHER, I stretch my hands to thee;  
No other help I know;  
If thou withdraw thyself from me,  
Ah, whither shall I go?

**Cuo.**—I do believe, I now believe,  
That Jesus died for me,  
And thro' his blood, his precious blood  
I shall from sin be free.

What did thine only Son endure  
Before I drew my breath!  
What pain, what labor, to secure  
My soul from endless death?

Author of faith, to thee I lift  
My weary, longing eyes;  
O, may I now receive that gift;  
My soul, without it, dies.

## 98

**A**LAS! and did my Savior bleed?  
And did my Sov'reign die?  
Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?

**Cuo.**—Help me, dear Savior, thee to own,  
And ever faithful be;  
And when thou sittest on thy throne,  
O, Lord, remember me.

Was it for crimes that I have done,  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!

Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
While his dear cross appears,  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe;  
Here, Lord, I give myself away;  
'Tis all that I can do.

## 99

**B**LEST be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.

ART. by REV. W. McDONALD, by per.

1. I saw a way-worn trav'ler In tattered garments clad, And struggling up the  
 { His back was laden heavy, His strength was almost gone; Yet he shouted as he

CHORUS.

mountain, It seemed that he was sad,  
 journeyed, De-liv-er-ance will come. Then palms of vic-to-ry,

Crowns of glo-ry, Palms of vic-to-ry I shall wear.

2 I saw him in the evening,  
 The sun was bending low,  
 Had overtopped the mountain  
 And reached the vale below:  
 He saw the golden city,  
 His everlasting home,  
 And shouted loud, hosanna!  
 Deliverance will come.

3 While gazing on that city,  
 Just o'er the north-wind,  
 A band of holy angels  
 Came from the throne of God;  
 They bore him on their palms,  
 Safe over the dashing foam,  
 And I saw him in his triumph,  
 Deliverance has come.

## 101

THE holiest place stands open wide;  
 Enter by the blood of Jesus!  
 The shadowing veil now hangs aside;  
 Enter by the blood of Jesus!

Choro.—Within the sacred veil  
 Pure love and peace prevail,  
 God's promise ne'er can fail;  
 Enter by the blood of Jesus!

Come, enter now this holiest place;  
 Enter by the blood of Jesus!  
 Where Christ unveils his shining face;  
 Enter by the blood of Jesus!

Here, soul, is cleansing, full and free;  
 Enter by the blood of Jesus!  
 Here God's Shekinah you can see;  
 Enter by the blood of Jesus!

By faith your soul may now prevail;  
 Enter by the blood of Jesus!  
 And pass beyond the second veil;  
 Enter by the blood of Jesus!

## 102

COME, ye that love the Lord,  
 And let our joys be known,  
 Join in a song with sweet accord,  
 And thus surround the throne.

Choro.—We're marching to Zion,  
 Beautiful, beautiful Zion;  
 We're marching upward to Zion,  
 The beautiful city of God.

Let those refuse to sing  
 Who never knew our God;  
 But children of the heavenly King,  
 May speak their joys abroad.

The hill of Zion yields  
 A thousand sacred sweets  
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
 Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,  
 And every tear be dry:  
 We're marching through Immanuel's ground  
 To fairer worlds on high.

## 103

**H**OLY Spirit, faithful Guide,  
Ever near the Christian's side,  
Gently lead us by the hand,  
Pilgrims in a desert land;  
Weary souls for e'er rejoice,  
While they hear that sweetest voice  
Whisp'ring softly, wanderer comel  
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

Ever-present, truest Friend,  
Ever near thine aid to lend,  
Leave us not to doubt and fear,  
Groping on in darkness drear,  
When the storms are raging sore,  
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er—  
Whisp'ring softly, wanderer comel  
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

When our days of toil shall cease,  
Waiting still for sweet release,  
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,  
Wond'ring if our names are there;  
Wading deep the dismal flood,  
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood—  
Whisper softly, wanderer come,  
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

## 104

**S**IMPLY trusting every day,  
Trusting thro' a stormy way;  
Even when my faith is small,  
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

**CHORUS.**—Trusting him while life shall last,  
Trusting Him till earth is past.  
Till within the jasper wall—  
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Brightly doth his spirit shine  
Into this poor heart of mine;  
While he leads, I cannot fall,  
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Trusting as the moments fly,  
Trusting as the days go by,  
Trusting Him, whate'er befall—  
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

## 105

**S**OWING the seed by the daylight fair,  
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,  
Sowing the seed by the fading light,  
Sowing the seed in the solemn night,  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

**CHO.**—I: Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,

I: Sown in our weakness or sown in our might;  
Gathered in time or in eternity,  
Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be.

Sowing the seed by the wayside high,  
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,  
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,  
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil;  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,  
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,  
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,  
Sowing the seed of eternal shame;  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?  
Oh, what shall the harvest be!

Sowing the seed with an aching heart,  
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start  
Sowing in hope till the reapers come,  
Gladly to gather the harvest home;  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

## 106

**P**RECIOS promise God hath given  
To the weary passer by,  
On the way from earth to heaven,  
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

**REF.**—I will guide thee, I will guide thee,  
I will guide thee with Mine eye;  
On the way from earth to heaven  
I will guide thee with Mine eye.

When temptations, almost win thee,  
And thy trusted watchers fly;  
Let this promise ring within thee,  
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

When thy secret hopes have perished,  
In the grave of years gone by;  
Let this promise still be cherished,  
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

When the shades of life are falling,  
And the hour has come to die;  
Hear thy trusty pilot calling,  
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

## 107

**O**NE more day's work for Jesus;  
One less of life for me!  
But heav'n is nearer  
And Christ is dearer  
Than yesterday to me;  
His love and light  
Fill all my soul to-night.

**REF.**—One more day's work for Jesus,  
One more day's work for Jesus,  
One more day's work for Jesus,  
One less of life for me.

One more day's work for Jesus  
How sweet the work has been,  
To tell the story,  
To show the glory,  
Where Christ's flock enter in!  
How it did shine  
In this poor heart of mine!

## 108

**I** GAVE My life for thee,  
My precious blood I shed,  
That thou might'st ransom'd be,  
And quickened from the dead;  
I gave, I gave My life for thee,  
What hast thou given for Me?

My father's house of light,—  
My glory circled throne,  
I left, for earthly night,  
For wand'rings sad and lone;  
I left, I left it all for thee,  
Hast thou left aught for Me?

I suffered much for thee,  
More than thy tongue can tell,  
Of bitterest agony,  
To rescue thee from hell;  
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,  
What hast thou borne for Me?

And I have brought to thee,  
Down from My home above,  
Salvation full and free,  
My pardon and My love;  
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,  
What hast thou brought to Me?



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